

THE 1022 632  
*Wounds o' the Kirk o' Scotland.*

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IN A  
SERMON

Precch'd  
In St. *Geils*, the Great Kirk in  
*Edinbrough*, in the Year, of  
our Lord, 1638.

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By JAMES ROW, o' *Strowan*.

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To which is Added,  
An ELEGY on the Reverend M<sup>o</sup>st  
*Sauney Sinkler*.

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DUBLIN;

Printed by James Carson, in Coghill's  
Court, Dame-Street, 1730.

THE  
LORD'S PRAYER

SERMON

IN THE GREAT KIRK IN  
DUNDEE, IN THE YEAR,  
OF 1758.

BY JAMES WATSON,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
A NEW METHOD OF  
TEACHING THE PRIMER.

DUNDEE:  
Printed by James Watson in 1758.  
Gent. Duns, 1750.

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*The Wounds o' the Kirk o' Scotland.*

IN A

S E R M O N

Preech'd at

*St. Geil's Kirk, Edingbrough, &c.*

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*Jeremiah, xxx. Verse xvii.*

*For I will restore Health unto thee, and will heal thee of thy Wounds saith the Lord, because they called thee an outcast, saying this is Zion, whom no one seeketh after.*

**I** Need ne trouble my sell wha is ment by Zion, ye a' ken it to be the poor Kirk o' Scotland; for the Kirk o' Scotland is sorely Wounded in her Heed, in her Hands, in her Feet, and in her Hart.

*I. The Kirk o' Scotland is Wounded in her Heed in the Government.*

*II. In her Hands in the Disciplin,*

*III. In her Feet in the Worship, And*

*IV. In her Hart in the Doctrine.*

First o' aw, *She is wounded in her Heed*, The Kirk o' Scotland has gotten sick an a Clash on the Heed, as has garr'd aw he Harns jap intill her Senses. First, in her seeing, for she cou'd a seen as weel as ony Christian Kirk in the wide World, but now she canna distinguish between VWhite and Black: Bring but Pepery before her, and she canna distinguish between that and the true Religion. Secondly the Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Hearing. The Kirk wad distinguished of Sounds, but sine the *Organs* war brought in, she's now as deaf as a Dore Nail. Thridly, The Kirk o' Scotland cud a Smelt as weel as ony Kirk; she smelt se strong, that at first she cud a tald her she smelt o' the *Whore o' Babel*. Now, poor Sall! ye hea seen her VVounds! — there she lies — ah, ah anee — yen dreadfu Spectacle! Pitty her gen ye will.

But what wad ye say to the cureing o' her Senses; they tell us she's in as gud a case ase'er she was: And how se? I'll tell ye; The Kirk o' Scotland sees better than ever she did. Of auld, the Kirk saw her Ministers in gud short Cloaks, wee black Velvet Necks tilt them, and thir little Cloaks turn'd mere Salls till God, nor e'er the lang Goowns did; but now ye shall see the pridefoo Prelets hurl'd up and doon the Town in Coaches: There's a bra sight for ye! And se she sees better then ever she did.

The Kirk o' Scotland Smells better then ever she



she did. And how se? The Kirk smelt se weel that she cud a scent a Bishoprick ten Years before it taw; but it may be, that he that smells best, wull never lick's Fingers ends on't.

The Kirk o' Scotland Tastes better than ever she did. And how? I'll tell ye. A gud honest Minister wad a been content wee a Goge o' Milk, and a piece o' Barly Breed; Humble Meet indeed; but now the Prelates wull he a lick o' the best o't. And se I he doon wee her Senses.

II. *The Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Haus*; and that I tald ye was *the Desiplin o' the Kirk*. They *Flightiered* the Kirk o' Scotland, ye ken weel enough how they used to Flightier the Thieus and Runnawa's, the Kirk then was beth. First, she was a Runnawa, and that was at the Great and Glorious time o' the Reformation, when she cam quite awa fre Rome; hard did they follow her, and fain wad they been at her, gin the'd gotten their Wull, she wad a been sure o' her *Leedities*, or to speak mere plainly o' her *Dihills*, but God be thanked they did no outtak her yet. Secondly, The Kirk is a Thief, for o' late she's gane awa to Rome, and stown fre thence a their Trash and Trumpery, sick as the Book o' Common-Prayer and Cannons. Ah, wall awa! But what wat ye they Flightiered her wee, but wee a Silken Cord o' Canonial Obedience to their Ordinaris, and oh, but she tuko

take mickle delight to be bound. Weell, we war yence a bonney Kirk. As shoon as they had gotten the Silken Coard on, they made it a Cable Tow, whilk they girded le fast, that now she canna se muckle as Fidge, but either she mun run the Danger o' blind Obediance o' the tea Hand, to accep o' a Idolatry and Superstitious Ceremonies they please to impose upon us, be Mensworn-men, na, the Kirk o' Scotland is se wounded in her Hands, that she canna make a Hammack in a cald Day.

Thirdly, *The Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Feet*; and that I saw the *Worship o' the Kirk o' Scotland*. The *Kirk o' Scotland* was yence a bonney Trotting Neag, but then she Trotted se hard that nene durst ride her but they hard riding walloping Loons the Bishops; but ne shooner had they gotten upon the Back o' her, but they Cross-linnegled and Ham-shakled her, and then she becam a bonney pacing Beest, and wow but they took great Delight to ride her, but their weery caddging her betwen *Edinburgh* and *London*, and I mickle feer, *Rome* too, that they hea goen her sick na heet Coat, that we he been these Twelve Months by gear, been steer-ng her up and down to keep her fre sounding. They did not only make a Horse o' the *Kirk o' Scotland*, but they made an Ass o' her; yea, they made *Baalams* Ass o' her. *Baalams* ye a ken weel enough was gawing an unluckey Gate

Gate, and first o' aw, the Angel meets *Baalam* in a bread Geat, and the A's fell a Boagling and Startling, but *Baalam* till her, and whack'd her, and se got by the Angel: *That was when Episcopacy was brought in.* The second time the Angel meets blind *Baalam* in a streter Gate then before, but *Baalam* till the A's again, and got by the Angel a second Time: *That was when the five Articles of Perth were brought in;* and then they gave the poor Kirk her Pakes. But the thrid Time the Angel meets *Baalam* in se stret a Gate that he cud nea woon by at aw, and then it pleesed the Lord to open blind *Baalam's* Een, that's this happy Days Wark; now has God oppened aw our Een, or else we had (like blind *Baalam*) been gaing an unlucky Gate, and riding Post till *Rome*—— But what had he gotten behint him, wat ye? I'll tell ye! Ah, a nee! There was a Pock-mantle! And what was in't, wat ye? There was the Book of o' Common-Prayer, the Book o' Cannons, and the *Higb Commission!* Bonney, bonney Geer, God thou kens. But when the A's cudna get by the Angel, she fell a flinging and Plunging, and our gangs the Pock-mantle, it hangs by the Strings on the tea side, and off faws blind *Baalam*, he hands by the Hough on the other side, fain wad the ald Carle ben on again, and wad he been content to leif the Pock-mantle behint him; but my Beloved, take Tent, let not the fat Swinger get on again, for gin he gets on a-  
gain

gain, he'll certainly get on the Pock-mantle  
 alse, and the Lord kens what will be doon wee  
 the Geer.

Fourthly, *The Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in  
 her Hart*, and that I tald ye was *the Doctrine o'  
 the Kirk o' Scotland*, and that is *Pepery* and *Ar-  
 minism*, whilk are very riffe in our Kirk and  
 Schools. Na, there are some o' ye wha are sit-  
 ting here, wha hears me the Day, that has not  
 with'd yer sels a hundred times out o' the Kirk,  
 when ye heard aw the packey stuff that came fre  
 Rome. Yea he heard me my Brethren, mony a  
 time compare our Lord Jesus and the Kirk the  
 gether, for ye ken he's the Heed, and the Kirk's  
 the Body. Ye alse ken that our Saviour e'er he  
 enter'd the Ministry, was carried by *Lucifer*,  
 (gud God blels us) intill the Wolderness, and  
 there he was tempted Forty lang Days by the  
 mickle Deel, and was rejeeted and set slight o'  
 by aw; but as shoorn as he began to wark his  
 Miracles, he was carried intill *Jeruselum* in tri-  
 umph: Then nething was in their Mooths  
 but *Hosanas*, *Blessed is he that cometh in the Name  
 o' the Lord*. The next word we heard was,  
 that thry cam wee *Swords*, *Halbert*, and *Jether-  
 Flaves*, fre the High Priests till apprehend him.  
 Just se it is wee the poor Kirk o' Scotland for  
 this Year by gean, she has sat desolate in the  
 Wolderness, contemned by aw, cared for by  
 nene; but now is the glorious Day she is riding  
 till



till *Jerusalem* in Triumph, now there is nothing in our Mooths but *Husannas* ; but tak heed, when they come wee *Swords* and *Jether-staves* fre the *High Priests*, that some o' ye dinna like *Peter*, show a pair o' Heels, and rin awa and forsake her.

My Brethren, They did not only make a *Horse* and an *Ass* o' the Kirk o' Scotland, but they betray'd her. Ye ken wha betray'd our Saviour ! They betray'd him that forshook him, they aw betray'd him that war silent in se good a Cause, they betray'd him that accus'd him, that judged and condem'd him. But whar will ye find the fawse Judas aw the while ? And now I'll tell ye a Tale, ( I dar ne say there is ony Truth in it ) ye shal he't as had it when I was a wee Lady gaing till the School. There was a hopeful Theologue, wha is now ne sma Man o' the Land ; and preeching on the very Words o' *Judas*, *What will ye gee me, and I'll Betray him ?* The young Theologue learn'd it se weel, that he coud tald it in Letin and Scots, *Quid dabis mihi & fraudam illum. What will ye gee, &c.* There was a gud Man sitting at the fit o' the Pulper, wha standing up, and lukiing him foo in the Face, said, *Marry, I will gee ye a gudd fat Bishopwrick, and then I am sure ye will betray him.* Wha has betrayed the Kirk ? The Kirk o' Scotland was yence a bonney Grammer School ; and weel I wat, she had Skill in *Regimen* and *Concordantia*, cou'd hea made a piece o' bonney

bonney Latin ; for every thing she did, it was *da Regulam*, or if she comitted a Faut, she was sure o' *O pande Manum*. — But afterwards when she went till the College, she tuk mere Liberty, and first she began we Rethorick, and instead o' proper speeking, she learn'd nething but *Alegories* and *Heyperbol's*. Then she came till her *Logick*, and instead o' true Demonstration, learned nething but *Honomies* and *Captious Syllogisms*. Afterwards she came till her *Æthicks*, she did ne meckle trouble hersel wee them, but studied the *Politicks*, and that se weel, that she turned aw Religion into mere *Pollicy* ; for *Meta-physics* she kens are *Ens*, and that mun be *Unum verbum & Bonum* ; but this was our high a Theam for her, therefore she studdies mere the *Phyicks*, and turned aw intil *Matera Prima*, and by this means has made hersel capable of ony Form they pleese to impose upon her.

[After he had done his Sermon and Prayer, he stood up, gave the Blessing, and then said as follows.]

**I** Ken weel, it is no the fashon o' the Place to say ony thing after Prayer, but I had se mickle to say, that yea Thing dang anither Thing out o' my Heed, therefore I mun beg leeve too add a Word or twa mere.

And *First*, I'll speek till ye wha are o' the College o' Justice. And why will ne ye subscribe the

Covenant? Ye'll say ye are Employ'd by his Majesty in some special Affairs, and se ye canna subscribe. Here's a bra Answer! I'll not? The meanest Man that gathers twenty Mark *per Annum* for the King, will hea this Hole to creep out at. Let me tell ye, there is but yea Man between God and you, get by that Man and ye'll get till God,—— And in the second Place, Why canna ye Noblemen subscribe the Covenant? Ye will say, *Notimetangere*. However I'll gee ye a Tuch. Ye will say ye mun Ride in Parliament Order, let the meanest Fock subscribe foremost, and ye'll come after. Is this right now? Na, na. Ye hea a fashion in the Sooth perts, that when ye come till a Ford, the Jackman mun venter our first on his doney wee Naggie, if he gangs our, and comes back again, up comes the Leard weel mounted on his stately Steed, and our gangs he. 'This is ne right at aw. Now we that are Highlanders he a better Fashion, for when we come till a Ford, we are leath till leave yen behint us, wherfore we joynt Oxter till Oxter, and Arm till Arm, and loup in aw the gether, se that if yen is drown'd, aw is drown'd. Even se here, fet yer hand till the Covenant, if yen perish, let aw perish.

I'll speak a word till ye wha are o' Town Cuncil o' *Edinburgh*: And why wull na ye subscribe the Covenant, ye wull say ye are Employed in some Office this Year, stay till it is out, and then ye'll subscribe. Her'e a braw  
Answer

Answer, I'ft na? It may be God wull get the Wark doon before the next Year: And whar wull yer Thanks be then? Get yer Clarks Register, and scarch our the Row, and see gen ever the Town o' *Edinbrough* suffered in joyning wee the Kirk o' Scotland.

*Last o' aw*, I'll speek a word till ye wha are Strangers. [*Then turning where the Provost and Bailiff of Aberdeen sat, he said*] And why wull ne ye subscribe the Covenant? It may be whan ye cam frae Heme, ye cam about yer Civil Affairs, and resolved not to subscribe the Covenant. VVeel then, tak my Advice, I say, *Aberdeen's-men*, and \* *Tak yer Word again*; and ge Heme, and drink o' the Cup o' † *Bona-concord*, joyne till the Kirk o' Scotland, subscribe till the Covenant, and se fareweel.

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\* They use to upbraid *Aberdeen Men*, in not standing to their Bargan. *Hut awa! Tak yer Word again.*

† *Bona-concord*, is the Motto of *Aberdeen*. When a Man is made Free of the Town, they used to drink out of a large Cup, which they call *Bona-concord*.

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F I N I S.



A N  
E L E G Y

O N T H E

Reverend M<sup>rs</sup> *Sawney Sinckler*,  
Wha departed out o' this Warld the *First* o'  
*April*, the Year o' our Lord, 1722.

**T**Heir Harts mun be as hard as Stean,  
That wonet Rift, and Greet & Grean,  
For Revd. *Sawney* Deed and Gean :  
He was a gracious Godly Preecher,  
Alias, *A Conven-tickle* Teecher,  
Yet had (unless the *Synod* Lees)  
As gud a right to keep the Kees,  
As ony Priest beneath the *List*,  
Fre Pepe o' *Roome*, till Parson *Sw* — *ft*;  
Or fre Ald Fether *Lin—de—ye—see*,  
To foolish Flogging *Punn—fibe*.

Besides the Kees to stick an' open,  
He was equipp'd, the mere betoken,  
Wee *Peter's Slachy* in his Belt,  
Wha's Rankor money a Wretch has felt;  
For he therewith would slash a Sinner,  
As Cooks do Collops for yet Dinner;

And stub'ron Mortals wad se mumble,  
 Until they'd truckle very humble,  
 Nor dar'd to Yowl, or Growl or Grumble.  
 Then like a Skillfoo *Sall Physician,*  
 For Offerings sma——but large Contrition,  
 With Spiritual Potions, pills and Plasters.  
 Would Purge an' Heal their ald Disasters.

He a Successor ! He a Priest !  
 It gars me Lagh ----- 'Tis sick Jeeff !  
 He was ne mere like yen o' These,  
 Either in his Carcass or his Cleafe,  
 Than *Heeland Runt's* like *Lincholln-Heffers,*  
 Or wrinkled *Boysse,* like *Rosey Trewor.*

Had he a true *Successor* been,  
 Whar was his spreeding Double Chin,?  
 Or Belly till his Thrapple Foo?  
 Or Riggin thick'd wee finest Woo?  
 A Coach to loll in——at his Eeas?  
 Or Fook before him, on their Knees?  
 Or footh o' Walth? Or warldly Geer?  
 Besides some Thusand Punds a Year:

What Proofs like thir cou'd *Sawny* shōw,  
 That he was *Orthodox* or no?

Had he been lineally descended,  
 Fre *Paul*, or *Peter*, as pretended,  
 He'd been right Sleek, and Fat, withall,  
 As ony Ox, or Hogg in Stall?  
 His Nose and Gills a Crimson Hue?  
 His Cheeks between a Red and Blue?

But

But ne seek Signs of his True Mission  
 Appear'd; Een by his Friends Confession.  
 Yet there are monney weel I wot,  
 That fancy he held forth by Rote,  
 As weel as they that do't by Note:

It mun be own'd, when a is doon,  
 His *Hadding forth* was to some Tune;  
 But he he'er sang his Prayers I trow,  
 As merry Sinners use to do;  
 He was ne gud at that a va,  
 Nor learn'd t' Beg wee, *Fa, la, la.*

He was ne dumb Dog; *De ye Mark;*  
 For he cou'd Snarrie, Bite and Bark;  
 And watch'd his Flock as money say,  
 Right weel fre Thievs and Beests o' Prey,  
 Restoring sick asged Astray;  
 Was weel content we what they gave him,  
 But never sought to *Fleece* or *Flay* them.  
 He pray'd as lang as he was able,  
 The Doonta' o' the Whore o' *Babal*,  
 And aw that Antichristian Rabble.  
 Wee *Mahom t*, that vile Imposter,  
 And aw that say their *Pater Noster*  
 In Language that they dinna ken,  
 And worship Deels and wicked Men.  
 But wish'd lang Life and Consolation,  
 To aw true Sons o' Reformation;  
 But mest o' aw, (if I remember)  
 To the Kirk o' whilk he was a Member.  
 And nene could blame him, I protest,  
 Since he believ'd it was the best,  
 But that's what I shall not contest.

No wright or wrang, he took great Pains,  
 And labour'd hard for little Gains;  
 A Thing too rare in this our Day,  
 When the first Motive is, the P. A. T.  
 As canting Presbyterians say,  
 But 'tis now time here to perclose  
 And leave the Deed to his Repose;  
 Wishing we Mortals who survive,  
 May watch and pray, while we're alive,  
 Because it's past a w Human Power,  
 To Ken, or to prolong Death's fatal Hour.

## The E P I T A P H.

Underneath the Yerd and Stones,  
 Lyes, Roub Sawney Sinckler's Bones:  
 Who little thought that he wud lie,  
 Among the Antichristian Fry.  
 And yet, alas! near James's Kirk,  
 He's stow'd among them an the Mirk.  
 But when at Doomsday they revivve,  
 'Tis more than odds, by ten to five,  
 As quiet now as either lies,  
 They'll hear a Soule when they rise.

To the Kirk, which he was a member of,  
 And there could place him I thought  
 Since he believ'd in the bell,  
 For that's what I will not doubt.



